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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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PHOTOGRAPHIC.

L. L. LANGSTON'S PATENT.

ROYALTY CURS BEE HIVE.

Church Belles.

Coming in couples.

Tripping so neatly.

Enraving bonnets.

Nothing at neighbors.

Feeling in socks.

Waiting so cozily.

Meeting so solemnly.

What they go for.

Need to determine.

On all around them.

Gazing benignly.

Wholly unexcited.

Singing distantly.

Praying devoutly.

Don't want whiting.

Think the assembly.

Just as the rains.

A GOOD DETECTIVE.

A Marseilles paper merchant went to make a purchase in London.

His wife and son, apprised of his departure, waited his coming.

For four long days they waited in vain.

In a state of fear and ever increasing anxiety.

On the morning of the fifth day, their dog, who had accompanied his master in his journey, arrived alone.

The poor creature was in a wretched state.

Every sound of his voice, every movement he made, manifested the deepest grief.

He looked his mistress' limbs, lay down at her feet, and began to howl.

"Marseilles has come to the house," she said, "a presentation of evil choices my breath. If your poor father should be dead? The Lord have pity on us!"

"If you wish, I am ready to go in search of him."

"Oh my boy, go by all means. Take Bristol with you. He will be sure to lead you to his master, alive or dead."

Reluctant, however, what was said rose to his feet, and walked slowly toward the door. The young man added a good bye, and did not return until the following day.

During the whole time of his absence his mother wept and wept.

"You are a hero," she said; "I understand what that meant. Your father is no more and I am left a widow."

He knelt by her side, and Bristol laid his head on his hand while they wept together.

"What information have you obtained?" she asked.

"My father has been murdered in the forest of Cognac."

"For a while would the unknown, on one hand, and the widow and her son on the other made every effort to discover the murderer, but all in vain; they could not find out any individual, although they could not find a reasonable suspicion."

Six months elapsed. The state of the officers of justice being desperate, they were sent money, though as more of the paper merchant. But these had not long returned his loss. Bristol had not long returned his loss. Bristol had not long returned his loss.

He spent whole hours sorrowfully stretched on a little straw bed in the corner of the house.

One evening, while following his young master about the town, he entered with him into a well in which several strangers were assembled. The young man took a seat at a table beside a couple of acquaintances, and Bristol having nothing better to do, began the time by walking up and down the room. Suddenly, after uttering a low growl, he furiously flew at a tall thin man who was amusing himself with a game of draughts.

The man, in alarm, called out for help. The guests rose, their seats and crowded around him. They tried to keep the dog back, but he was so much about the head and howl, he did so no purpose. It only roused the people's fury. He paid no attention to those who attempted him, all his attention was directed against the man who had attacked him.

As soon as he was set off, he attacked him again. He tore his clothes and bit his legs.

"This is inexcusable," the landlord shouted, the bystanders, addressing Bristol's owner. "Call off your dog and take him out of the room."

With some difficulty the young man succeeded in making the savage animal loose his hold, and could find no other means of calming him except by carrying him quite out of the case. But before they had gone a hundred steps, Bristol lay his master, returned to the cafe, and attacked the tall, thin stranger. Once more the young man was obliged to employ force to separate the dog from his enemy.

Among the witnesses of this terrible scene there happened to be a commercial gentleman who had been formerly intimately acquainted with the paper merchant. Pale and trembling with emotion, he approached the young man, and inquired in a whisper, "When your father took his unfortunate journey to London, had he this dog with him?"

"Yes," replied the paper merchant's son. "Bristol even reached my house before the disaster which has ruined us was known."

"During this secret conversation, Bristol, whom his master held in check by means of a rope tied round his neck, made extraordinary efforts to get loose.

"I may be mistaken," the other continued, "but it is just possible this man may be your father's murderer. Remain here while all these people are talking amongst themselves about what has happened; I will run to the Commissaire de Police for a warrant to arrest the man."

In a quarter of an hour he came back with a posse of men, who surrounded and filled the public house. The suspected individual was at once arrested, and conducted forthwith to the prison. On searching him they found upon him the paper merchant's watch, and several other trinkets which were identified as having been his property. The possession of these articles was a strong presumption of the prisoner's guilt; but it was also proved that on the day of the murder, he had been met by a little girl as he came out of the forest of Cognac. Other corroborative evidence turned up. He was found guilty, and condemned to death. After strong and reiterated protestations of innocence, he avowed his crime to his confessor at the last moment, as he was mounting the very steps of the scaffold.

FRONTIER ROMANCE.

The St. Paul (Minnesota) Press, relates that some months since a gentleman who resides in the frontier town of Little Falls, wrote to a banker in St. Paul for a competent female teacher for a school at Little Falls, stating also that the boys were somewhat unruly, and that a "school wren," who could lick the unruly would be acceptable. The banker, other means failing, advertised for a teacher, when nearly a score of applicants presented themselves for the situation. Many of them were girls of from 15 to 18 years of age, who after brief inspection were rejected. At last a tall, determined looking young lady, with rather sharp features, presented herself for inspection. She seemed so come nearer than any other applicant to filling the bill. She was told that the salary would be \$25 per month and board. She thought that satisfactory, and was willing to accept the position, and handed it to her to read. She scanned it through very carefully and looking up with a smile, observed she thought she "could lick the boys satisfactorily," and would like very much to go. The banker joyfully remarked that there was a greater inducement than the \$25 per month—women were scarce on the frontier, and in a few months she would doubtless get married. The lady was incredulous, but accepted, and went on her way rejoicing. That was two months ago. On the 15th of June she was married to a gentleman of Fort Ripley, and another teacher is wanted at Little Falls.

A GOOD JOKE.—A barber, while stopping at a tavern on the country, used to lounge about the bar and drink other people's liquor. Not a glass could be left alone for a moment, but he would slip and drink the entire contents. One day a stage driver came in, and called for a stiff dose of brandy today. John immediately played possum by leaving his brandy while he stepped to the door. The bait took. On returning he saw his glass empty, and exclaimed with all the diabolical horror he could affect.

"Brandy and opium enough to kill forty men. Who drank that glass?"

"I" stammered the barber, ready to give up the ghost with fright.

"You are a dead man!" said the driver.

"What shall I do?" beseeched the other, who thought himself a gone winker.

"Down with a pint of lamp oil, or you're a dead man in three minutes!" answered the wicked driver. And down went the lamp oil, and up came the brandy and opium, together with his breakfast. The price was told and he has never drank other people's liquor since.

WORDS FOR BOYS TO REMEMBER.—At a public dinner given the newboys of Philadelphia on Christmas, by Mr. George W. Childs, of the Public Ledger, the following "Words for Boys to Remember" were distributed among them:

Lievery is the right to do whatever you wish without interfering with rights of others.

Save your money and you will find it one of the most useful friends.

Never give trouble to your father or mother.

Take care of your powder and they will grow to be dollars.

Intemperance is the cause of nearly all the trouble in this world: Toward of strong drink.

The poorest boy if he be industrious, honest and saving, may reach the highest honor in the land.

Never be cruel to a dumb animal; remember that it has no power to tell how much it suffers.

Honesty is always the best policy.

To make you cool feet, avoid using icy to make vicious odors, use them sensibly.

Force never between girls and attentions at Iowa cattle shows.

The Vagabond Saga.

An old man, of very active physiognomy answering to the name of Jacob Wilnot, was brought before the police court. His clothes looked as if they might have been bought second-handed in his youthful prime, for they had suffered more from the rubs of the world than the proprietor himself.

"What business?"

"None; I'm a traveler."

"A vagabond, perhaps?"

"You are not wrong. Travelers and vagabonds are about the same thing. The difference is that the latter travels without money, the former without brains."

"Where have you traveled?"

"All over the continent."

"For what purpose?"

"Observation."

"What have you observed?"

"A little to commend, much to censure, and a great deal to laugh at."

"Humph! what do you commend?"

"A handsome woman who will stay at home; an eloquent preacher that will preach short sermons; a good writer that will not write too much; and a fool that has sense enough to hold his tongue."

"What do you censure?"

"A man that marries a girl for her fine clothing; a youth who studies medicine or law while he has the use of his hands; and the people who will elect a drunkard to office."

"What do you laugh at?"

"I laugh at a man who expects his position to commend that respect which his personal qualifications and qualities do not merit."

He was dismissed.

ABOUT ADVERTISING.

Everybody knows that the surest and quickest way to accumulate a fortune is to advertise.

Do not take down your sign in dull times. People read newspapers all times of the year.

Do not fear to have a small advertisement beside a competing one. The big one cannot eat it up.

It is better than a short one only once. "Drag is a good dog, but hold fast is better."

Plenty of advertisements, brief and to the point, is a good rule. We were all babies once yet we made considerable noise.

Do not advertise unless you have something to advertise.

If your business is falling off advertise and it will rapidly increase.

If your business is good advertise and make it better.

Many a good business has failed for a want of advertising.

Many a poor business has been made a good paying one by liberal advertising.

The sewing-machine men—leading makers—agreed about a year ago to give up extensive advertising. The result has been to decrease their business one-third. The piano men have doubled and trebled their business by advertising.

H. T. Helmbold returns an income of \$152,205. All this comes from advertising. Dr. Helmbold's expenses for advertising average over \$10,000 a week. The road to fortune is through the advertising columns of the newspapers. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

—There is a blithesome maiden that lives next door to me; her eyes as black as midnight, and handsome as can be; her cheeks are full of dimples, and red as any rose; and then, this love of mine, too, has got a Roman nose! I asked her if she'd love me, (that was the other night), and this was her reply: "Why, Jimmy, you are tight!" Says I, "I know I have love, a beard a little wine, but that is not the question—will you, or not, be mine?" And then she put her face, friends, nearer mine as she could, and with the sweetest smiles, friend, said simply that she would—escort me to the door if I was ready to depart. And thus it was the girl next door declined my hand and heart.

Don't be discouraged if occasionally you slip down by the way, and others tread over you a little. In other words, don't let a failure or two dishearten you; accidents will happen, miscalculations will sometimes be made, things will turn out differently from our expectations; and we may be sufferers. It is worth while to remember that fortune is like tan skies in the month of April, sometimes cloudy, and sometimes clear and favorable, and it would be folly to despair again in seeking the sun because to-day is stormy, as it is unwise to sink into despondency when fortune frowns, since, in the common course of things, she may be expected to smile again.

—An old bachelor, picking up a book, exclaimed, upon seeing a wood-cut representing a man kneeling at the feet of a woman: "Before I would kneel to a woman I would kneel my neck with a rope and stretch it!" And then turning to a young woman, he inquired: "Do you not think it would be the best I could do?" "It would, undoubtedly, be the best for the woman," was the sarcastic reply.

—To the poor own nothing.

JOSH BILLINGS'S.

When a rooster crows he crows all over.

Error will slip thru a crack, while truth will get stuck in a doorway.

The man who has just found out he can't afford to burn green wood has taken his first lesson in economy.

There is only one thing that can beat truth and that is he who always speaks it.

It is hard work, at first sight, to see the wisdom of folks who never think of their sins until they are bit by a rattlesnake.

There is a great deal of humin natur in a crab; if you don't pick them up in the rite way you will discover it.

I think now, if I had all the money that is due me, I would invest it in a saw mill, and then "let her rip."

Take the lumber out of this world, and you won't have much left to do business with.

Faith and curiosity are the gin cocktails of success.

Advertising is seed tow be a certain amount of success; some folks are so imprinted with this truth that it sticks out of their tomb-stones.

There is this difference between ignorance and error; ignorance is stone blind, and error is short sighted; ignorance stands still and error only moves to run agin a post.

Economy is a savings bank into which men drop pennys and git dollars in return.

There is one thing you cant put out, and that is your conscience; you may smother it, but like a coal pit it contains the charred remains.